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and he replied, "Ah, well! when you are a 'strangers' you must stay in the house. You may go," he added good humoredly; "but you had better take care that the police don't catch you, as they will not let you off as easy as I have." I thanked him with all the earnestness I was capable of expressing, and made my way as short as possible to my quarters. I don't believe though now, when I think of it, that he felt as savage as he looked when he first accosted me, for I always think of him as a perfect gentleman, and I took off my hat to him when we parted with as much respect as ever I did to my minister, or an older artist.

It seems a mere trifle now to look back upon, but I was weak and trembling all over with excitement, when I was released from my semi-arrest, and found myself, with a parched throat and hoarse voice, at the hotel. I have forgotten whether I took coffee or wine,—but one I found essential to restore my equilibrium.

"THE SKETCHER."

Pictor. I will endeavor to paint this scene, and call it Silence.

Sketcher. And mark the almost shrinking character it has—how many of the roots and branches appear to steal lowly and quietly across it, rather seeking the ground and its shelter, than shooting upward; all the upright lines are faint, such as of the larger trees, for they are mostly concealed by the immediate foliage. They stand apart and subordinate, like sombre mutes, the solemn stately guards that wait and watch in the shadowy distance of the banqueting-hall the motion of the hand that is to call them to instant duty.

Pictor. Yes; faint as they are, rising from the ridge, they serve the purpose of protection, without intruding themselves. They are like the outer ranges of pillars in a solemn Grecian temple; you are just aware of their presence, their strength, and support, and that is all; they tend, therefore, to complete the repose. I shall not forget them.

Sketcher. What I should most fear in an artist who should select this subject, would be his *forbearance*. There is so great a fashion for strong contrast, for splashes of brown, and white, and yellow, too indiscriminately applied to all subjects; and then the spirit of rivalry, in this doing something striking, leads to such daring attempts (I judge from the few of late years that have come under my eye), and the touching and retouching pictures on exhibition walls, till all the modesty they might have possessed on the easel at home is lost, and a more truculent glare given to them, that I doubt if an artist would not fear to trust a picture to the walls of an exhibition-room (outraging even the outrageous and gaudy colors of the visitants)—I doubt if he would there trust a picture of so modest and unassuming a tone of color as this subject demands. Perhaps—nay, certainly, the picture would suffer by its company. This is undoubtedly an evil of Exhibitions.

Sketcher. And the eye loses its purer taste, by being too continually excited. The very judgment that should be cool, is in a state of fever. It is, indeed, a great loss if a public exhibition necessarily excludes a whole class of pictures, and the more to be regretted if they be of the modest cast. It is a loss, if it would exclude such a subject as this. Those who love pictures, and would patronize the Arts, should frequent the painters' rooms, see their works upon the easel, and not judge of them by comparisons they *ought* not to bear. This liberal practice would give the artist encouragement to think for himself, and to allow his genius freer scope, and to rise above the little competition for striking vanities.

Pictor. And I believe it will be generally found that the most modest pictures, those that strike least at first sight, are the best. The painter who will dare to keep himself within the sentiment of his subject, and abstain, for the sake of it, from the use of much of the power of his palette that would ambitiously serve to advertise it to the public gaze—as being impressed with the dignity of his Art, that he will not allow it to be subservient to a false taste that he condemns—this artist, as he keeps his genius unfettered, will alone reach the extent of his power.

Pictor. But would he live by his genius?

Sketcher. Certainly; he will probably in the end be the winner, and may do that which those who are servile cannot—he may command; and if he fail, he will gain something, however little—and genius is like love—better a little with it, than affluence without it. We often hear of genius depressed; there is a miserable pining pity for poor neglected genius. Genius wants it not—is at all times happy, though in its own way. Whenever I hear artists excuse their defects by throwing them on the public taste, they appear to me to admit a degrading servility, and I often think it is but to get rid of the trouble of defending the faults of which they are really enamored.

Pictor. I agree with you; the mind should be cultivated morally and intellectually, and then there would be shame to make such excuse. But are you quite sure genius cannot be depressed and wretched?

Sketcher. Genius may be depressed by circumstances that destroy the mind, and then it is gone. But as long as it is in the man, he is not wretched. His genius is Nature's ample dowry; it positively enriches him, for he would never exchange it. We may pity the possessor, who is unconscious that he requires our commiseration. As long as he has his genius, he walks the world with talisman about him; his eyes and ears are blind and deaf to many things that surround him, and he may be in a vision of an El Dorado or Paradise.

Pictor. Wilson is always called poor Wilson; and I think Allan Cunningham, in his Life of Wilson, bewails his hard fate, and instances his painting his "Ceyx and Alcyone," for a pot of porter, and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Yet, doubtless, had he been an unhappy wretched man, he could not have had the power of painting it; that power charmed away the bitterness of poverty. Shall the imagination have a power to create, and not cater for its possessor? Shall it not, like the magician's lamp, conjure up the banquet of Aladdin, whose dishes were gold? They may not always be carried to an honest merchant, but still they are gold. Genius is a happy guest, let people say what they will about the wretchedness it often brings. It often, indeed, finds little in common with its feelings and sentiments, and looks to the world a misery it knows not. It is a happy guest within, furnishes hopes, dresses them as it pleases, awakens imaginations to supply what reality will not; and if things go not quite right in this stale world, cries Open Sesame, and a new one offers entrance to it.

It has been often said that one half the world knows not how the other lives—and we may add—feels.

Sketcher. Once returning from a tour in Wales, I travelled outside a coach with a very intelligent, good sort of man, a manager of a large manufactory, and a preacher. He questioned me as to my business—where I had been. I told him simply, that I had been into Wales for the purpose of sketching. For what object, he demanded; for whom, and what payment did I receive from my employer? None, I told him; it was solely for my pleasure. He looked upon me with a kind of pity—lectured me on the sin of lying—was it probable that I would so toil, walk through such a coun-

try on foot, and take plans of other people's property, without remuneration, and for my pleasure? adding, and at the same time eyeing my stained sketching jacket, that it was a pity any one should condescend to affect to have means of independence, which he evidently had not. How could I be offended with the man? A taste for sketching—for pictures, had never come within his experience, nor could he conceive it. I was once tempted to sketch on a very cold day; a friend was with me, who, while I was so employed, walked hastily backwards and forwards at some distance to warm himself. A knot of people was collected around me, who pitied me, and pretty freely abused my friend for his cruelty in keeping me there in the cold, adding, that they knew well enough he would not do it himself. There can be no doubt they thought me a very unhappy man, and blessed themselves that they were not born to such drudgery.

Pictor. I believe there are many pity artists who ought to know better—but it is fatal for an artist to pity himself. There is something to admire in the professional pride of old Vestris, who introduced his son on the Parisian stage and to the public, with simply these words—"Maintain the dignity of your art!"—*Blackwood*, 1833.

PATRIOTISM is a fine word. It fills the mouth; it inflates the speaker, carrying him up to the contemplation of a great idea. It is, moreover, a fine thing (when you can get it); but what, as far as the individual is concerned, does the adoption of his faculties on this great sentiment amount to? Simply this: the effect of that tyranny which a great idea exercises over the mind of man. Men devote themselves to great ideas, and it is well they should do so; they are the martyrs of humanity, to whom all honor! But it is no free choice of theirs; it is the idea which seizes them, and uses them to its purposes; it is the spirit which hurries them impetuously onward, in whose grasp they are powerless. Tell the patriot or the apostle to give up his faith, to relinquish his endeavors to realize and propagate it—can he obey you? No. He himself is but the instrument in the hands of a greater.

Now patriotism (too often an uneasy pauperism), is not the only idea. Art, philosophy, and religion; these also grasp the fervent souls of men, and sacrifice them to their ends; to these also men devote themselves; these also demand their martyrs; and men cheerfully obey, cheerfully relinquish all that the world can offer them of soft seductions, luxurious idleness, or blessed affections, and endure silent poverty, sleepless nights, pale anguish and discomfiture—all for the great idea to which they devote themselves. Each is right in his own path—sincerity and self-sacrifice are ever sublime; and as we do not exclaim against the patriot, "Away, driveller, you are no artist!" so neither should we exclaim against the artist, "Away, egoist, you are no patriot!" Each obeys the laws of his own nature.—*British and Foreign Review*.

First we hear of Nature, and the imitation thereof; then we suppose a beautiful nature. We must choose; but still the best; but how to recognize it? according to what standard shall we choose? and where is the standard then? is not it also in Nature?—*Goethe*.

He who would write or dispute about Art at the present time, ought to have some notion of what Philosophy has accomplished in our day, and is still accomplishing.—*Goethe*.

He who would dispute, should make cautious use of the occasion, to say things that cannot be disputed.—*Goethe*,

It is as hard to learn a thing from models, as from Nature.—*Goethe*.